THE TEARES
OF THE BELOVED:

Or,

THE LAMENTATION OF
Saint Iohn,

Concerning the death and passion of
Christ Iesus our Saviour.

By *I. M.*

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To the Christian Reader.

ME seemeth, the same, who had so resolute a purpose to enlarge our Sautours suffring, tooke on him a wearisome and needelesse iourney (for that he left the most sacred Scriptures) and made inquirie after Codrus, *that was sometime King of Athens: which* Codrus, *begirt with a strong siege of the Peloponesians, hazarded his best health for his cities good. For though the example appeareth to hold in our head Christ, and their ruler, because both beare the titles of Kings; else in this, for that both died for the good of their people: Yet questionlesse, the oddes betwixt both are wonderfull: for what is the shaddow to the substance? A King for a small time, to a King beyond all time? the one a creature, the other a Creator? The one for a few, but our King from before all beginning, to the end of the world, is that Lambe of God, &c. Leauing the one which was finite, I commend thee (courteous reader) to the same who is as he*

euer hath beene, and will be, infinite in his fauors to those that are his: And I offer thee my harsh and vntuned muse, which being as my talent is, slender and simple, so accompt of the first part, that I may not be discomfited in the second. The highest continue his fauours and graces vnto his Church, and shield vs in these dangerous dayes, from his and our enemies, Amen.

Thine vndoubtedly,

I. M.

THE TEARES OF
the Beloued.

THou first and last, author and cause of all, (made,
That wast with God, before these worlds were
Thou perfect Good, whom I Gods word will call,
Most soueraigne grace, do with thy grace me trade,
That from thy fauors, as from fountaine rare
In flowing sort, *I* may thy selfe declare.

Euen in thy might, thou art beyond esteeme:
For this wide world, thou art the chiefest King:
For heauens high head, the angels all thee deeme,
Within thy Church, thy saints thy prayses sing.
Vnto my soule, thou art the chiefe of choyce;
Life of my life, I must in thee reioyce.

Now that *I* leane vpon thy sacred brest,
In thee *I* ioy, sweete Sauiour of mankind:
Hauen of health, succour to soules oppresst,
Oceans of ease, in thee the poore shall finde:
For broken heart, pyning away with griefe,
Sorrowing for sinne, findeth in thee reliefe.

Fly foorth, my ſoule, for ſure this Word diuine,
Hath power on thee, to call thee backe againe;
Vnſeene thou art, my body doth thee ſhrine,
Bodileſſe, and immortall, ſubiect to ioy or paine.
To none more like, then to that hidden grace
The godhead hath, which Sathan would deface,

O that I might commaund the moone to ſtay;
O that the houre of darknes, hence might poaſt;
But Gods decree muſt ſtand, though fleſh gainſay;
There's no reſiſt, to that he purpoſeth moſt.
His bitter death, from death ſhall ſaue mankinde;
Wonder of Angels, to foes that art ſo kinde.

Come, *Peter*, come, come, *Iames*, my brother deare;
Our Lord doth haſte, and haſting calles vs hence;
You know the place, although it darkē appeare;
This light ſo true, and truth is our defence.
Mote might he hath, then any fenced tower
More ſtrength he hath, then any earthly power.

Now in our walke, reçompt his power diuine,
Which like ſunne-rayes, ſhall ſpread in euery place.
Such ſtrange effects from this chiefe good do ſhine,
That foggie miſts of foes farre hence ſhall chace.
Stoope, furious fiends, ye malice him in vaine:
He hath great power, your frenzies to reſtraine.

See how this Lambe, of ſinne that hath no ſpot,
Seemes dombe, and mute, he anſwereth not at all;
What he foretold, muſt not be now forgot:
Let vs with teares, record what muſt befall.
Exceeding griefe we had, when thou didſt ſay;
One of vs twelue, ſhould thee our Lord betray.

That griefe being paſt, another is in place.
But may it be that thus thou ſhouldeſt faint?
Ah, ſhew thy might, thoſe helliſh hags to chace,
Who thee and vs do force to ſad complaint.
I ſay no more, that muſt my moane reſtraine:
This garden wils, I ſhould a while refraine.

Refraine, ſaid I? no, now began my moane;
Seeing ſluggiſh ſloth, my eyes with ſleepe oppreſt,
I careleſſe ſlept, but Lord of Life did groane,
With griefe of griefs, that brought him ſuch vnreſt.
Woe worth my ſinne, the cauſe of his complaint,
Forcing my Lord indure ſuch hard conſtraint.

He will'd vs ſtay, and watch with him a ſpace,
And proofe hereof, we had from ſad aſpect.
Full traighted he with griefe for mans diſgrace,
Strangely perplext, did yeeld cauſe of ſuſpect.
My ſoule, he ſaid, is heauie to the death,
Oh ſtay and watch, ſorrow now ſtops my breath.

Away he went, and fell vpon his face,
Where groanes, and ſighes, ſhewed a troubled minde.
O father mine, he ſaid, afford this grace,
If it may be, thou wilt approue thy kind:
Let this fierce cup, I pray thee paſſe from me:
Not as I will, but as thou wilt, let be.

After he came, and found vs three to ſleepe,
Simon, ſaid he, can ye not watch one houre?
Watch ye with me, 'tis prayer muſt ye keepe
From Sathans ſpight, to tempt he hath the power.
See, ſee, the ſpirit is preſt, the gole to gaine:
But fleſh is fraile, eſteeming labour paine.

Away from vs the ſecond time he went,
Begging againe, Oh father mine I pray,
If thou as yet, to fauour ſo art bent,
Permit this cup, no longer with me ſtay:
If needes I muſt indeede drinke of the ſame,
Thy will be done, vpon me reſt the blame.

And then he came, but found vs faſt to ſleepe,
Our heauie heads were glad in warre to reſt.
He ſaw our want, and kept vs as his ſheepe:
Cauſe had he none, being himſelfe oppreſt.
For friends are knowne, when dangers moſt aſſaile:
Deeme him thy ſelfe, that for thee ſhall preuaile.

Stay here and pawſe, before he come againe,
Why what ſhould moue vs three be ſo vnkinde,
To worke our woe, to ſeeke our ſelues ſuch paine,
That what he would we ſhould ſo little minde?
Surely the beſt, in their decline ſhould ſay;
There is iuſt cauſe, Sathan ſhould on vs pray.

Admit before, his preaching did vs ſtay,
Or ſuch like let, cannot our crime excuſe:
He is our Lord, how might we him gainesay?
For fond reſiſt, proues, we did him abuſe.
Ours was the lot, our Lord thus to offend:
His was the grace, to guide vs to the end.

And though we ſlept, from heauen an angell ſent,
Did comfort him, whom we in griefe did leaue:
Great was his griefe; for hell did him preuent,
With endleſſe pangs, of heauen him to bereaue:
And gaſtly ſweate, vpon his face was found,
Like drops of blood, that trickling fell to ground.

Ye ſiluer drops, that from my eyes thus ſtreame;
Croſſing that coulour, briniſh as ye be!
My Lords were red; for forc't with paines extreame,
He ventured life, from death to ſet vs free.
His bitter pangs, what pen or wit can tell?
My Lord indured th'extreame paines of hell.

Caſt we our ſight on one that parteth hence,
Striuing for life, when ſoule away muſt poaſt;
In ſuch we ſee cleane gone to be their ſence,
They yeld to that, which cleareth euery coaſt.
So when that death, his meſſage pale hath done,
He ſweeps all hence; and thus the fort is wonne.

Or thinke thou ſtandſt, this preſent at the barre,
Before the iudge, that pryes into thy blame,
Thou knowſt thy guilt, thy diſcord makes the iarre:
Thy ſinnes preuaile, forcing thy vtter ſhame.
The irefull iudge begins with angry frowne:
And e're he ſpeake, thy conſcience caſts thee downe.

O Sauiour ſweete, thou hadſt thy proper ſence:
With perfect health, thou didſt approch this place,
All furious fiends of hell thou driuedſt hence,
Death hath no power thy godhead to deface:
The angry iudge, thou needeſt not to feare,
Thou hadſt no ſinne, and yet our ſinne didſt beare.

Our ſinnes did force, that far from natures reach,
Theſe blooddy drops ſhould ſtill from our ſweet head,
In theſe, euen yet, preſumers he doth teach,
They be not bold, the tract of hell to tread,
Leſt all too ſoone they fall into the ſnare,
The angry iudge doth for his foes prepare.

Theſe drops declare his inward ſad lament;
For greater griefe no earthly tongue can tell:
They ſhew his loue, to vs what good he ment
He would we knew, his griefe did farre excell.
Oh, why do men delight with ſinnes to dwell,
When ſinnes do weigh the ſinner downe to hell?

He gaue the checke to vs for former ſleepe,
Graunting vs leaue, of eaſe to take our fill,
That had no care, in anguiſh him to keepe,
With good regard who ſuffred for our ill.
Behold, quoth he, of darknes now the hower:
Of Sonne of man, lowle ſinners haue the power.

Iudas, that treaſon harbored in his breſt,
Knew well that here our Lord did oft reſort
Vnto this place: knowledge had wrought thy reſt,
If all in time, thou wouldſt haue found comfort:
But murtherous wretch, this onely did thee good:
Thou thirſtie wert after th'innocent blood.

O monſtrous change, that from a friend of truſt,
Thou art a fox, and wilt thy friend betray!
Companion once, and now mongſt thieues to thruſt,
As chiefeſt guide, the ſpotleſſe Lambe to fray.
Cannot great fauours, cauſe thee to returne,
Thou wofull wretch, at goodnes that doſt ſpurne?

How many ſpeeches, tending to our health;
What feruent vowes, he ſent beyond the ſky!
All wayes were ſought, ſtill to procure our wealth;
His grace to none that would, he did deny.
Might not his grace, from treaſon thee reclaime,
But at his life, thou traytour, now wilt aime?

Ye couetous carles, that for a little gaine
Set ſoule to ſale, as though there vvere no hell,
Looke on this *Iudas*, thinke vpon his paine;
His endleſſe pangs all torments far excell.
The very fire, the forged far doth paſſe:
And like hell fire, no torment euer vvas.

Conſider yet, vvhile here vve haue a ſpace,
What griefe it is, to be exilde from God;
What ioy it is, to view his pleaſant face;
What paine it is, to feele his heauie rod.
Thriſe happie they, that cleaue vnto thy grace:
Thriſe curſed they, that will not life imbrace.

O vvretched man, bereft of inward peace,
Commeſt thou arm'd, vvith vveapons and vvith lights?
A cutthroate crew ſerue for thy ſhames increaſe,
Are theſe thy mates? belike feare thee affrights.
A guiltie conſcience brings a reſtleſſe griefe:
Eaſeleſſe in eaſe, finding no ſound reliefe.

Thou ſtately citie, of the higheſt King,
Fitting thy name, that hadſt the prince of peace:
Whilom whoſe praiſe, the virgins faire did ſing,
What time thy glory, the chiefeſt did increace:
Thy famous temple deuotion that relieues,
Is now become a den for lothſome thieues.

And muſt thy rulers now their forces bend,
To ſend their ſeruants forth in all the haſte,
To binde this lambe, and then his blood to ſpend?
What, do ye long, to ſee your land lye waſte?
All this was done the Scripture to fulfill.
Who can diſſolue, what God alone doth will?

In theſe we ſee, that bring ſuch weapons ſtoare,
How foes with might, Gods children doe oppreſſe,
They haue no truth, and as for iuſtice loare,
They likewiſe want, which cauſes ſhould redreſſe:
Truſting to fleſh, this ſtay as it is wurſt:
So for this fault, they are of God accurſt.

Forward they march, bringing along their light,
Their lanterns, that a little light containe,
With other helpes, to guide them in the night,
Vſing the leſſe, and from the great refraine:
To dim that light, each one doth now prepare:
For light of world, no whit at all they care.

Christ knowing well the ſecrets of mankind,
This inſtant ſawe, what ſhould to him betyde;
Forward he goeth againſt the crue vnkind,
From whom he could haue parted cleane vnſpyde.
Whom do ye ſeeke, ſaid he, to me now tell.
Ieſus of Nazareth, ſaid they; and downe they fell.

This hath the taſte of his moſt ſoueraigne might,
Who with a word, could ſtrike them to the ground.
Weake is mans power, if God begin to fight,
His only breath can all his foes confound.
If ſlender touch, huge mountaines maketh ſmoke,
How dares then man, his Maieſtie prouoke?

The harmleſſe Lambe, deuoide of ſinfull ſpot,
Askes the offenders, and doth them preuent.
Wanted they lawes? was piety cleane forgot?
Should they not loue, and keepe the innocent?
Yes, yes, they knew, th'innocents blood would cry
For ſharpe reuenge, againſt this careleſſe fry.

Whom do ye ſeeke? he verely did ſcorne
Their fond attempt, deriding all their force:
Yet offereth grace to men that were forlorne:
And ſure he had, euen of his foes remorce.
For from themſelues, he would they ſhould confeſſe,
That weaponleſſe, he could their wrong repreſſe.

Oh,

Oh, vvhen vve heare, that of his francke accord
Our God is good, to his profeſſed foes;
How kinde a good, is this our ſouereigne Lord,
Vnto his friends, on vvhom he grace beſtowes?
Oh, loue this Well, and Fountaine of all grace:
Tender his truth, and all his heaſts imbrace.

No vvhit diſmaid, Chriſt ſaid, Euen I am he:
Which ready ſpeech prooueth he fear'd not death.
This holy Sauiour vvould his owne flocke free,
By ſuffring ſhame, and ſtopping of his breath.
Learne courage hence, Gods cauſe if vve defend,
He figh.ts for vs, that life for vs did ſpend.

Now *Iudas* ſtood, vvith all this armed traine,
Like *Bayard* bold, forecaſting no miſhap
Vnto himſelfe, whereby he might refraine
The further ill, by falling in the trap.
Thus one vile ſinne, another ſinne doth chaine,
Vntill it bring th'offender to his paine.

Whom do ye ſeeke? the ſecond time he ſaid.
Ieſus of Nazareth, they ſay to him againe.
That I am he, before I not denayd:
If me ye ſeeke, from theſe I pray refraine.
This, that the word ſulfil'd might be, he ſpake:
Of them thou gaueſt, I will not one forſake.

Now louing Lord, I thinke vpon this care
Thou hadſt for vs, and I remember well,
Seeing thou alone, to ſuffer didſt prepare:
For ſo of old, ſweete *Eſay* did foretell.
And when thy pangs appeard, freſh to approch,
Thou hadſt a care, foes ſhould not vs reproch.

Attend ye paſtors, that your flocke ſhould feede:
How that our Lord did ſay, he none had loſt.
Your charge is great, ye dayly prayer neede,
To cheere thoſe ſoules, bought with ſo royall coſt.
They are Chriſts flocke, his blood thē bought indeed.
My lambs, good *Peter*, O my ſheepe ſtill feed.

Before that *Peter* heard theſe words thriſe tolde,
He was couragious ere he ſaw the fight;
His ſword he drew, like to a champion bolde,
And *Malchus* eare, he cutteth off outright.
Into thy ſheath, thy ſword put vp let be.
Shall I not drinke that cup preparde for me?

Thus ſaid our Lord, who by this checke ſo kinde,
Would take from *Peter*, his no ſmall offence;
From priuate men, the vſe of ſword to binde:
Except that Kings arme ſubiects for defence.
And for Religion gladly ſhould we fight:
That cauſe is good, and God will aide the right.

But

But *Peters* fault appeareth now the more:
For ſharpe reuenge belongeth vnto God:
Too ſaucie he, Gods taske to take therefore:
Him to reſiſt, is to procure his rod:
For ſpirituall warre are weapons of that kinde:
Search we the word, and there we ſhall them finde.

And now the band, the captaine, with the reſt,
Our Sauiour tooke, and faſt they do him binde,
His inward griefe I moand, now is expreſt:
The outward anguiſh, that my Lord did finde.
They had no might, his perſon to aſſaile,
He ſuffred them, and then they did preuaile.

Not one, but many (then began their ſpight,)
Inflam'd with wrath, incenſed with great yre,
Their maſters would, them now in blood delight,
And they deuiſe, how to increaſe that fire.
If high eſtates againſt Religion frowne,
They ſhall haue mates, to caſt it hedlong downe.

Ah wicked *Iudas*, this was thy conſent,
Vſing all meanes, that might our Lord betray.
Lay holde on him, were words with fury bent:
No maruayle then, if theſe from reaſon ſtray.
Thy words, and workes ſo treaſonfull deſcry,
Vnder greene graſſe, a ſerpent foule may lye.

The father in law of *Caiphas* was the first:
Annas I meane, to whom my Lord was led.
He, and the other, ye all, for blood did thirſt:
Not one I ſaw, as yet with pittie ſped.
Their violent wrongs proued ſo huge a ſtreame,
Suppreſſing right, their dealing was extreame.

There I eſpied, how cruelty with deceight,
Had this pretence to ſtop the common fame:
Matters of ſtate, and thoſe of no ſmall weight,
Were laid to Chriſt, for which they do him blame.
Their high account, which all in them eſteeme,
Muſt beare them out, whatſoe're men ſhould deeme.

Beſides, let Chriſt with wiſdome him defend,
And them confute, this they did all agree,
The Romanes ſhould his life ſoone bring to end:
Thus were they bent, no more to ſet him free.
Here may ye ſee the force of *Enuyes* ſpight,
Glutted with gall, and doth in death delight.

Caiphas was he, to Iewes that counſell gaue,
How it was meete, that one for them ſhould dye:
A viſage fowle, a vizor faire doth craue.
Sathan would not that all his craft ſhould ſpy.
Oh, ſuch preuaile oft times, who faire pretend:
But giue me him, that faithfull proues in end.

I do not muſe, ſo much how natures kinde
Appeareth changed, in ſo corrúpt a man:
For God I know, euen from his foes will finde
Matter of worth, fit for his will to ſcan.
So *Balaams* Aſſe, againſt his proper kinde,
Once checkt his Lord, when he remained blinde.

There was no cauſe, O *Caiphas*, thou ſhouldſt ſeare,
How that our Lord would take from thee thy ſtate.
This Lambe of God, which all our ſinne did beare,
Did much abhor, his extreame foes to hate.
Malicious man, whom Enuy ſo did blinde,
To vrge his guilt, in whom no guilt ye finde.

Peter did follow, ſo did I like caſe:
But I was knowne, and went into the hall;
Without ſtoode *Peter*: then I left my place,
And had great care, my fellow in to call.
I ſpake to her, who there the dore then kept,
To ſhew him fauour, who in boldly ſtept.

The ſelfe ſame woman, vnto *Peter* ſaid,
Of this mans ſchollers art thou not now one?
The fearefull man, to lye was not afraid,
Boldly to ſay, of them that he was none.
Art thou the man, which with our Lord wilt dye?
And all in haſte, doſt flatly him deny?

The officers, and ſeruants of that place,
Stoode there alſo, for they had made a fire:
The extreame cold, with heate away they chace:
Peter, and they to warme themſelues deſire.
It's not amiſſe, Gods graces ſhould be vſed,
So in the vſe, his grace be not abuſed.

Then the high prieſt doth theſe two things propound
Vnto ſweete Ieſus, of his diſciples firſt:
Next of his doctrine, two demaunds profound.
The vvolfe vvas dry, and after blood did thirſt.
The hypocrite one thing in ſhew doth minde
But is another in his proper kinde.

Our Sauiour ſaid nothing of vs at all:
One him betraid, another him denide:
The reſt did flee from Chriſt being in thrall:
Small was the ſolace, in ſo ſad a tide.
And for his doctrine, the vvorld might teſtifie:
What Truth he taught, was ſpoken openlie.

The Synagogue, and Temple for reſort,
To all the Iewes, ye euery one can tell:
Who did me heare, let ſuch of me report;
Aske theſe I pray, and then thou ſhalt do vvell.
Herein Chriſt moued him, vvho did faire pretend,
Vnmasking his malice, and his doctrine did defend.

Note

Note the proceeding, in a cauſe vniuſt,
An officer there ſmote Ieſus with his rod:
Our high prieſt thus, to anſwere now thou muſt:
O great oppreſſion, hatefull indeed to God!
Such blinde preſumption, mortall man to pleaſe
So great outrage, the higheſt to diſeaſe.

If I, quoth Ieſus, haue ſpoken that is ill,
Then witnes beare vnto the ill thy ſelfe:
But for good ſpeech, thy fury to fulfill,
Why ſmiteſt thou me? what, is it hope of pelfe?
For earthly gaine, men oft times runne aſtray:
For ſtoare of gold, men will whole lands betray.

Annas had now Chriſt bound to *Caiphas* ſent,
And *Simon Peter* ſtoode himſelfe to warme.
Thus to, and fro, they lead the innocent:
Who ſtill did good, muſt ſuffer extreame harme.
But *Peter* once, being tangled in the ſnare,
The ſecond time, to deny our Lord doth dare.

What, not content, our Life twiſe to deny?
For high prieſts ſeruant and a kinſeman neere,
To *Malchus* ſaid, Did *I* thee not eſpie
With Chriſt in garden? 'tis a caſe moſt cleere.
Peter euen then denied our Lord againe.
Fraile is our fleſh, if faintnes we retaine.

The crowing cocke muſt *Peter* put in minde
Of his offence; for thus our Sauiour ſaid:
And he remembring, (Sathan did him blinde)
Poaſteth away, his guilt made him afraid.
He that euen now, a firme faith could not keepe,
Pries for a place, with bitternes to weepe.

And now they lead Chriſt to the common hall;
For day appear'd, high prieſts not thither went,
For being defil'd, yet were to ſinne a thrall;
And for to eate, the Paſſouer they ment.
See how great ſinners, not ſo great would ſeeme:
Making moats moũtaines, & moũtains moats eſteeme.

For *Pilates* place, he being vncircumcizde,
Would them defile, but not the innocents blood:
Their ſoules, their tongues, with murther were ſurpriz'd,
They vſ'd all meanes, to haue the truth withſtood.
Great ſepulchers without are painted fayre,
But hold within all ſtench and lothſome ayre.

Pilate perceiued, himſelfe muſt take ſome paine,
To goe to them, who frighted were with ſpight:
Tell me, he ſaid, of Chriſt ſith ye complaine,
So ſhew the wrong, that I the ſame may right.
They then reply, VVere not his doings ill,
We would not vrge, that thou his blood ſhouldſt ſpill.

Pilate

Pilate then ſaid, The man vnto ye take:
Doome him to death, as your law ſhall permit.
The *Iewes* that time, then vnto *Pilate* ſpake,
This thy reſuſt, doth not our humors fit.
It is not lawfull, for any of our traine,
To kill a man; we muſt from blood refraine.

This ſpeech of theirs had alſo this effect:
For he who knew the ſecrets of mankinde,
Knew long before, vve did the *Iewes* ſuſpect;
His bitter death, and thereof eke the kinde.
He vvould not faile, our ranſome now to pay:
Vs to redeeme, though hell would him gainſay.

Let thoſe that liſt, into their dealings pry.
Theſe vvicked men, the rulers and the reſt,
Falſe counſell ſought, vvith vvhich they meant to try
Their great vntruth, that *Ieſus* thus oppreſt,
So foule offenders might be clear'd from blame:
Thẽſelues thus clear'd, vvere they not neerer ſhame?

As if a vvretch, incenſed from deepe hell,
Should kill a friend, that ſaued once his life:
And ſeeing on ſleepe, the wretch vvith fury fell,
In ſleepers hand ſhould faſt the blooddy knife;
And then abroad, with outcries ſhould maintaine,
His ſlaughtered friend was by the other ſlaine.

False witnes sought, but none then found at all:
Though many came, laden with vntruthes stoare;
At last came two into the high priests hall:
These were the last, (like bulles prepar'd to goare)
Who said that Christ, the Temple would deface,
And reare it vp, againe, in three dayes space.

The louely sweete, hereat did hold his peace.
Then the high priest, incensed all with yre,
By the liuing God, did charge Christ should not cease,
But answere make, to that he would require.
Art thou the Christ? of God art thou the sonne?
Herewith he hoapt, Iesus should be vndonne.

Iesus to this replies, Thou it hast said:
But neuertheless, hereafter ye shall see
The Sonne of man, when ye shall stand dismaid,
All glorious seated, on Gods right hand to be:
I then will come with glory & great might, (bright.
Guarded with millions, compast with clowds most

Now thinke ye see vpon this answere prest,
The high priest doth his cloathes in sunder rent:
Christ hath blasphem'd, on witnesses to rest:
I see 'tis vaine, that longer time be spent.
What thinke ye now? ye heare his blasphemy.
They answere all, He worthy is to dye.

The fowle-mouth'd monſters ſpit vpon his face:
Which face, the angels to behold are glad:
They buffit him, and yeld him all diſgrace,
Smote him with rods; hereat I waxt moſt ſad.
This to inlarge, as *Peter* much did moane:
So what inſues, muſt force th'offender groane.

The extreame ſpight, ſhewed to Gods deare ſonne,
Was for our ſinnes, our ſinnes cauſed this ſpight.
Vexe him not freſh, now that the Iewes haue done.
Such vexe him ſtill, who in their ſinne delight.
All armed foes cannot ſuch paines procure,
That wilfull ſinners for euer ſhall endure.

This will I proue, in one example plaine:
When *Iudas* ſawe our Lord condemn'd to dye,
When he beheld him led with curſed traine,
When in each place he did all violence ſpye,
The ſence of ſinne aſſailes, and freſh doth fray,
He yeldes, and ſaid, I did my Lord betray.

Let preſſe in ſight, the kindnes of this Lord,
In chooſing me vnto ſo high eſtate,
In truſting me, euen of his owne accord,
In louing me, that did deſerue all hate.
Ah, brutiſh beaſts are thankfull in their kinde:
I much more brutiſh, his fauors did not minde.

I others taught, my ſelfe I did not teach:
I wonders wrought, and now haue wrought a wonder.
Accurſed houre, I after gaine did reach!
Woe to my ſelfe, God doth with vengeance thunder.
Who lookes on me, with this will me vpbraid:
There goes the wretch, his Maſter that betraid.

I, there's the ſting that frets me to the gall:
For ranckerous Iewes excuſe them from my ſpight:
I Chriſt betraid, on me all vengeance fall:
I am condemn'd, that did in ſinne delight.
With graue forecaſt, why did I not preuent
This monſtrous ſinne, for which I thus am ſhent?

Now muſt I looke vpon my preſent loſſe.
And what is that? but an Apoſtles place.
That but, brings more, I gaind a little droſſe:
And thus loſe heauen, the looking on Gods face.
Ye greedy gripes, that feede on liuing men,
Haſten to hell, my lothſome dark'ned den.

Ye monſtrous ſinners, to my talke attend:
Seducing Sathan ſnarde me with his baite:
Faire words I had, but theſe, and deedes, did bend
My couetous mind, on treaſon now to waite.
If euery ſinne ſhould in their kinde appeare,
Ye would deteſt, ſiluer to buy ſo deare.

I ſeele my ſinne, a cauſe my ſelfe to hate:
I haue no ſence, I ſhould for mercy cry:
My ſinne exclaimes, accurſed is my ſtate:
Iuſtice is iuſt, this courſe I minde to try:
These thirty pieces of ſiluer now at laſt,
I will againe, to prieſts, and elders, caſt.

Good worke this is, but wanteth loue, and faith:
What helpeth it, to ſay I did offend?
The diuell preſt, vnto my ſoule then ſaith,
'Tis true thou ſpeakſt, deſpaire, and life now end.
Thus he that firſt did me to miſchiefe traine,
Doth much reioyce at my perpetuall paine.

I ſinn'd a ſinne, betraying the innocent blood:
O innocent blood, with cryes that doeſt affright,
Affright me not: why am I thus withſtood?
Withſtood with wrath, and with my tainted ſpright.
One miſchiefe doth vpon an another heape:
'Tis good ye looke, before the ditch he leape.

VVhat's that to vs? ſee thou to theſe things looke:
So ſaid theſe guides, making of me a ſcorne;
No one I found, that pitty on me tooke:
For I became, indeede, a wretch forlorne.
A ſtrangling coard made end of all my doubt:
I hangd my ſelfe, my bowels guſhed out.

Suffer my ſpeech, who ſuffer now with griefe:
Death void of death, for death here liueth ſtill,
Barr'd from all hope, ſhut out from all reliefe,
Moſt ſad complaints, my hearing now doth fill:
I haue no reſt, but in vnreſt remaine:
No tongue, or penne, can well declare my paine.

Now to returne to *Pilate*, who like caſe,
To the common hall had entred now with ſpeede:
Who tendring much *Caeſars* and his diſgrace,
Did aske of Chriſt, if he were King in deede?
For rebels wrought the Romanes much vnreſt:
Which cauſ'd great care, to haue ſuch wrongs redreſt.

He queſtioned much, if Chriſt then were a King:
But no aduantage of his words could take;
Our Sauiour ſo about his ſtate did bring,
That of his kingdome, thus in briefe he ſpake:
My kingly ſtate, it is no earthly might:
For then my ſeruants would be preſt to fight.

Belike the ſaying of the wiſe men, much
Moued mens minds, who called Chriſt a King.
But this is ſure, gainſt Romanes all did gruch,
The hope of freedome, flouring ſtate would bring.
Vaine was their hope, whom God ment not to free.
VVho fights gainſt God, ſhould he with ſuch agree?

Our

Our heauenly King, in his especiall grace,
Doth spirituall gifts vpon his friends bestow:
He loueth them, that loue him to imbrace.
VVho such sheepe are, this shepherd true doth know.
Shaddowes haue shewes, wanting their proper weight,
VVho vvants the ground, are fed vvith fond deceight.

In this my moane, although I do digresse,
Iust cause I haue, Christs kingdome me constraines:
This same is it, vvhich Sathan vvould oppresse,
Herein the vvicked most do tire their braines.
The singer sweete of *Israel* saw this age:
Which caus'd him muse, why vainely they do rage,

Ye mortall men, vvho haue on earth your time,
Like pilgrims poore, to plod in vncoath vvayes,
What are ye here, but drosse, earth, clay and slime?
Can ye prolong your life, vvith yeares, or dayes?
Your glasse doth run, though sand in glasse do stay:
But being run, you hence must poast away.

Vpon the charge, *Pilate* to Christ did lay:
Our vvisdome vvould, he should declare againe:
If of himselfe, he then the vvords did say?
Or that some other, to speake so did him traine?
But as Iewes name, the Deputy did deny:
So he declarde, on whom the blame did lye,

Then he demaunds, what our ſweete Lord had done,
Sith earthly pompe of Kings he did not claime,
For that with ſpight, the Iewes this threed had ſponne
Gainſt proper life of Sauiour, ſo to aime.
The heathen yet, he doth aſſay to teach,
Though he did here matter aboue his reach.

Harken to him, who is a glorious King:
Whoſe gouernement, whoſe lawes, and other rights,
Are fram'd from heauen, of him the Angels ſing:
Of him to talke, each godly one delights.
For ods are great twixt that which ſhall decay,
And this dread King, which ſhall indure for aye.

Stoope, ſtately Kings, vnto this King indeede:
Your greateſt glory, to his is not a ſparke:
He you defends, his taske is you to feede:
He is your light, and guides you in the darke.
All poſſible good, from this great Good doth flowe:
His are your crownes, to him your crownes ye owe.

And *Pilate* ſaid, A King now art thou then?
Ieſus replyes, Thou ſaiſt *I* am a King.
This title much doth trouble carnall men,
Who cauſleſſe heare, but conſcience hath a ſting.
Yet of that ſting they haue no ſence at all,
Which forceth them, to greater dangers fall.

Euen

Euen for this cauſe, ſaith Ieſus, I am borne;
Into this world, for this cauſe I did come;
Witnes to beare to truth, which moſt men ſcorne:
Yet friends to truth that heare my voyce are ſome.
What is the Truth? thus *Pilate* then did ſay,
But turn'd his backe, and would no longer ſtay.

A queſtion ſweete, *Pilate*, thou didſt propound:
Why wouldſt not ſtay, to heare our Lords reply?
Thou ſhouldſt haue heard him error ſoone confound:
This graceſull Good would not to teach deny:
But thou foreſheweſt, how ſome of chiefeſt place,
To talke of truth, accompt it their diſgrace.

But glorious Truth ſhall in the end preuaile
Againſt all foes, who ſeeke to preſſe it downe;
Sathan doth know, in vaine he doth aſſaile
This onely Good, his miniſters yet muſt frowne,
Banding their might, againſt this higheſt grace,
Working their ſpight, that do this truth imbrace.

Moſt ſplendent Truth, thy glorious golden rayes,
Many degrees ſurmounts the ſhining ſunne:
Thy marueilous might and thy moſt worthy prayſe
None can declare: for when we all haue donne,
We come too ſhort, thy greatnes to declare:
Thee to diſgrace, yet fleſh and blood doth dare.

But Sunne to darke, we know is practiſe vaine;
To warre with heauen, will proue a fearefull fight:
God ſuch doth hate, as do his truth diſdaine:
Againſt ſuch foes, he girded is with might.
Who for the truth, would not his life then ſpend,
Seeing God is preſt, his owne right to defend?

To Iewes now *Pilate* goeth yet once againe,
And to them ſaid, *In* Chriſt no cauſe I finde:
Your cuſtome is, I one ſhould looſe from paine,
At this your feaſt; then Ieſus he doth minde:
Ye *Iewes*, your King if now ye meane to chooſe,
Your minds vnfold, will ye I Ieſus looſe?

Me thought this was, like to a ſudden ſtay:
Forc'd by retrait, where egre battaile meetes:
Where man, doth man, with mutuall might aſſay,
And bloodleſſe bodies, earth then gladly greetes:
But then againe, both armies forces tryes,
Till one of them muſt yeeld with fainting cryes.

So then this comfort, corſiue I may call:
For what refreſhing, found my ſad lament?
My chiefe of choyce, my ſoule *I* ſaw in thrall,
So I perceiued the *Iewes* to murther bent.
Faces of men, are tables of their minde:
By outward ſignes mens malice ye may finde.

For wicked Iewes their clamours now began:
We will not *Ieſus*, *Barrabas* we will:
Like craues their like, let looſe a murtherous man.
Haue ye no care, the ſpotleſſe blood to ſpill?
Drop blooddy teares, my moyſture waxeth dry,
Like ſommers drouth, that for more raine doth cry.

Poore *Iotham*, now me thinkes, I do thee ſee,
Who didſt rebuke thy vnkinde countrymen,
In offer made to trees, who King ſhould be:
They rule refuſ'd: but hooking bramble then
Would needes be King, and then had his deſire.
The tyrants rule is like conſuming fire.

Ah, my Redeemer, this oft thou didſt foretell
In parables, and in thy preaching plaine,
That of the Vineyard, wherein is vttered well,
How for great good, they thee requite with paine.
Gods heire thou art, to kill thee theſe now ment,
Thou being ſlaine, they to poſſeſſe are bent.

Poſſeſſe ye ſhall, and cruelly be deſtroyd:
Oh wicked men, your glory ſhall decay,
Your pleaſant land ſhall lye both waſte and voyd,
To all the world ye ſhall become a pray.
Such, who will not that Chriſt ſhould rule alone,
Muſt finde his might where they muſt waile & mone.

Ye will not him that would your proper good;
Ye him reiect that came you to redeeme.
Oh people blinde, that thus Gods grace withstood,
So light to set of him beyond esteeme!
Vertue in place we haue no care to minde;
But being gone, we gladly would it finde.

The first Adiunct.

My sweetest Sweete, my Lord, my loue, my life,
The worlds bright lampe, farre cleerer then the sunne,
What may this meane: cannot *I* end this strife,
This ranckorous spight, by wicked Iewes begunne?
O man most pure, for wretches most forlorne,
Must my great God to men be made a scorne?

He made his soule an offring for our sinne;
His will was such, his death doth life prolong:
He dying for vs, then did our life beginne:
His is the gaine, to him all ioyes belong.
Although our guilt did force our Lord to faint,
Yet all his foes could not with sinne him taint.

Thou Light of God, in whom no darknes dwels,
Sole reconciler and worker of our wealth,
Thy bitter pangs all passions farre excels,
Our soules sweete shepheard cared for our health.
Thus as my Loue constrained was to groane:
So me permit againe refresh my moane.

I grieue, that ſleepe ſo ſore did me oppreſſe:
Sinne in my ſelfe moues me to ſad complaint:
For wicked men to watch themſelues addreſſe
To pamper pleaſure, where's one that ſeemes to faint?
What lawes forbid, to that in haſte we poaſt:
The beſt offends, though hypocrits yet will boaſt.

Iudas ſlept not, nor any of his traine:
Night after night men watch, if pleaſure call.
Our head did watch, *I* could not ſleep refraine:
Thus to my will *I* was become a thrall.
Ah crooked vvill, that vvouldſt me ſo miſleade,
That vnder foote my Lords vvill I ſhould treade.

I vvell recount vvhat harmes haue come by ſleepe:
VVhile *Samſon* ſlept, he then did loſe his might.
Sleeping, *Sauls* ſonne, his kingdome could not keepe.
VVhile *Siſera* ſlept, *Iael* him ſlew outright.
In towne of vvarre if all ſhould ſeeke for reſt,
Quickly they ſhould with enemies be oppreſt.

How glad is Satan, vvhen vve yeld to ſleepe?
How ſad ſweete Ieſus, vvhen vve ſlouth imbrace?
Sleepe not ſecurely, ye that are Chriſts ſheepe,
VVith ſighes and groanes pray vnto God for grace:
For in our ſinne if God vvith iudgement ceaze,
Late will it be his iuſtice to appeaze.

Now in my moane, to him I will returne,
Who trayterouſly had made a curſed change:
The Vine moſt true this withered branch did ſpurne,
Such wander wide who in by-paths do range.
O treaſonfull wretch, my Lord as thou haſt ſold,
Shall thoſe fowle lips to kiſſe my Lord make bold?

The ſubtill ſerpent ſeeking to ſeduce,
Shroudeth himſelfe vnder a faire pretence,
In heart hath hate, with tongue he taketh truce,
His ſpightfull ſpirit he ſhields with ſweete defence.
His chearefull looke, who gaue the glad all haile,
Fed fowle conceite his treaſon ſhould preuaile.

Our tainted nature quickly will vs teach,
To follow that we can in others blame.
What needes the ſerpent th'apple faire to reach?
We hazard all as though we vvere paſt ſhame.
The vvay to hell appeareth wondrous faire,
The end vvhereof doth lead to fowle deſpaire.

Regard in *Iudas*, vvhen fraile fleſh begins
To nibble a little vpon the Serpents baite,
How ſuch vvill make a ſport of all their ſinnes:
Doubtleſſe ſuch ſinners neere to Sathan waite.
For ſo at firſt the diuell *Iudas* tooke,
And held him faſt vpon his ſiluer hooke.

Christ is betrayed of many in this life.
For art thou where Religion is abused,
And hast no care then to confute that strife?
There is great feare thy selfe shall be refused.
Thou stragling sheepe, herein thou goest astray;
Thy silence proues, thou Iesus doest betray.

Else doest thou take on thee a Christians name,
Following not that thou seemest to professe?
Thy owne vilde life Religion much doth shame,
Thou Christ betraiest that doest his truth represse.
Repent thee soone for former life mispent,
And turne to God, while God to grace is bent.

Iesus to *Iudas* vseth words most kinde:
For, Friend, he saith, a reason to me render,
Why thou art come? as if he would him binde
From former good his owne estate to tender.
But none more blinde then wilfull blinded bee,
That to renownce, which offereth cause of glee.

Traytor, thou cam'st another to annoy,
To annoy him, who euer sought thy good;
Thy good he sought, and thou wilt him destroy.
But be thou sure, thus thirsting after blood,
That thou thy selfe of blood shalt haue thy fill,
Though thou delight the guiltlesse blood to spill.

This to conclude, our Prince of might did foyle
Not onely Sathan, but all his darkesome traine.
Betray not Christ, by giuing backe the spoyle
Vnto his foes; from so vile sinne refraine.
As God in Christ hath shewed his bountie large,
So haue great care still to regard thy charge.

On *Peter* now if we shall cast our sight,
Else on vs all the Apostles to our Lord,
Cause great we haue, not to boast of our might,
That weaknes are, and fall of franke accord.
Yet in our fall as we feele want of strength:
So God relieues, and succour sends at length.

God suffred vs to see our weak'ned state,
That seeing it, we should detest our sinne:
He did vouchsafe to open wide his gate,
His gate of grace, that we should enter in.
But that his grace to vs did much abound,
He had iust cause for aye vs to confound.

The wounded soule from vs may comfort finde:
For though we fell, yet God did vs vphold,
He tendred vs, and we againe him minde,
Yelding him thankes and praises manifold.
How so e're, Lord; of frailty we offend,
Succour thou vs, and vs with Grace defend.

What now remaines vnto the hardned Iewes,
Iewes that would not our Lord as King ſhould raigne?
Raigne yet he muſt, although they doe refuſe:
Refuſe that liſt, he will his right maintaine.
I know, when time of darknes ſhall expire,
Our glorious King will haue his full deſire.

For of this nation our Sauiour did foretell,
That as they ſought from them his ſtate to cleare,
So God in wrath would them from thence expell,
Who did reiect his louing Sonne ſo deare.
Learne hence therefore, if ye deſire Gods grace,
Haue good regard Gods Chriſt ye doe imbrace.

If Chriſt alone ye would in you ſhonld raigne,
(For he delights within our ſoules to dwell)
Haue good regard affections to reſtraine,
That are not good, but of our fleſh do ſmell.
If Chriſt vs guide, our gaine exceeds eſteeme,
We haue more ſtore, then all the world can deeme.

The laſt of all, yet firſt in next complaint,
Is the ſelfe ſame, who was chiefe actor made.
Who ſeeth not, he did true Iuſtice taint?
Doubtleſſe, the wicked make of ſinne a trade.
Theſe yet (forſooth) muſt equitie pretend,
Though to the world oppreſſion they defend.

Why, *Pilate*, why? thou art a man of might,
Thy country lawes vilde violence doth deteſt:
As thou art Iudge, thou ought'ſt regard the right,
And haue great care the poore be not oppreſt:
Deſire to pleaſe ſhould not thy minde peruert,
That rightfull cauſe thou ſhouldeſt ſo ſubuert.

FINIS.

Collated OK
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